

Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY ANDREW J. RHEY.

EBENSBURG, AUGUST 14, 1851.

VOLUME 7.—NUMBER 44

THE BLIND BOY.

BY DR. HAWKS.

[The following beautiful lines, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, have been handed us for publication. They will find numerous admirers among the discriminating readers of THE HOME JOURNAL.]

It was a blessed summer day,
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined,
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,
A tree concealed me from their view,
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird, on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see!"

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From these dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see—
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ever long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed,
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "O, never weep for me,
I'm going to a bright—bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see."

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up the poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in heaven!

Our New York Correspondence.

THE MOUNTAIN, August 3, 1851.

EDITOR OF THE MOUNTAIN SENTINEL:

The packet ship Devonshire arrived here from Portsmouth on Saturday forenoon with a large number of passengers, among whom were forty-seven officers and men of the Hungarian army, with their wives and children. Some of them were noblemen and civil officers of high rank. All but three of them have been in London for some time past; and the others have recently come from Constantinople. Three of the officers, with the wife of one of them, passed yesterday afternoon at my house. They felt sanguine that Kosuth will soon be at liberty to seek an asylum in this or some other country. The ladies of the party appear to be spirited and keen. The officers, even those of the highest rank, assured me that they are willing to occupy themselves in any way, even in manual labor, to earn a competency.

Most of these warriors are young men of from eighteen to twenty-three years of age. One of these youthful patriots has fought in eighteen different battles, and has been several times wounded, although he is not yet twenty years of age. He is a regular bayonet-killer; he had not been on shore six hours before he made an evident impression on the heart of a young lady of Upperdown, who, perhaps fortunately for him, has the entire control of her property. The Cuban societies of this city have, it is said, secured the services of several of these gentlemen for the assistance of the Creole revolutionists.

Jenny Lind is at the Irving House. She has disbanded her musical troupe, and will, it is said, sail for Liverpool about the middle of this month. She says she will give two farewell concerts before she starts.

We are completely inundated with telegraphic despatches from Charleston, New Orleans, and other seaboard cities, containing various versions of the Cuban Insurrection. The Cuban Declaration of Independence has been published in nearly all our city papers, some of which praise it highly. The Evening Post calls it "a firm and able document." If this insurrection were a mere outbreak of popular indignation, caused by a single arbitrary and unpopular act of the Spanish Government, I should be inclined to treat the matter lightly; but there is no disputing the fact that the Cubans wish to be emancipated from Spanish control, and that thousands and hundreds of thousands of persons in the

United States are ready to assist them in any way and every way, in their efforts to secure independence.

Under these circumstances Cuba must soon be independent of Spain; and however much you, or I, or others, may attempt to frown down intervention in her behalf, by American citizens, I am willing to stake my reputation for foresight, upon the opinion I now express—which is, that Cuba will soon have two Senators in Washington. She may be beaten in this attempt; but that matters not. Natural causes will force her into the Union before many years.

Beside, those Americans who are opposed to the annexation of Cuba are merely negative in their opposition; while those in favor of it, are positive and active in their efforts to bring it about. I endeavor to be non-committal, you see; and I think I generally succeed pretty well, although, in looking over what I have written, I see that my statements of what I consider to be the facts of the case, would be thought, by politicians, indicative of my favoring the Cuban movement. The pleasure of an intimate associate for some months with Martin Van Buren may have had the effect of making me somewhat guarded in my expressions.

During the commencement at Hamilton College a few days since, on the conclusion of an address by Mr. G. P. R. James, the eminent Historian and Novelist, an individual (I believe it was Hon. J. A. Spencer,) called on the Band to strike up "Rule Britannia," as a compliment, I presume, to Mr. James. Whereupon, one W. E. Robinson, a gaseous Hibernian genius, who is occasionally permitted to perpetrate bombastic expressions in the Tribune, under the signature of "Richelieu," for some reason or other that I cannot conceive, except it be that he is its *bores*—no newspaper establishment is complete, you know, without its tolerated contributor, or *bores*—mounts the high horse, expresses his hatred of Britannia, and fumes and frets in the Tribune at such "treason to the State." Now, although I can well understand that Mr. Richelieu Robinson must have experienced unpleasant sensations, or finding that his oration to prove America not to be Anglo-Saxon, but Celtic, did not "take," and that Mr. James' discourse was received with incomparably more favor; still, I do protest against the injustice of arraigning Mr. James as a perjurer, because, forsooth, it is stated that he has, in Milesian dialect, "declared his intentions," and that, therefore, for him to feel any gratification at the sound of an English national air is nothing short of the rankest treason, and the basest perjury.

New converts are always the most fanatical, and superlatively sickening in their protestations of devotion; and, as Mr. Richelieu is only a half-fledged citizen of our country, it must be to his new-born zeal for our honor, that we must attribute his lack of charity and justice; for I cannot imagine by what rule of equity or common (Anglo-Saxon) sense Mr. James can be held responsible for the acts of others, whose only crime, it appears to me, was a rather ardent admiration of Mr. James' genius, and a perhaps indiscreet mode of evincing it.

Now, our wisest statesmen do not imagine, like Mr. Richelieu Robinson, that any being worthy of the dignity of American citizenship, can be, by any possibility, so void of love of country, as to be able to exhortate, in a moment of its every race from his breast, neither are they inclined to place any reliance on the loyalty of such men, if, indeed, another hostile Mr. Richelieu Robinson can be found; so they have wisely prescribed five years, as the probationary term which an alien shall pass before entering on the rights and duties of citizenship; in order that his sympathies and attachments may be gradually weaned, not immediately and violently wrenched from "Home and Fatherland." If, then, Mr. James really did feel gratified, it would be no very heinous offence, as he is only in the first year of his pupilage.

But the attack on Mr. James, so vague, coarse, ungentlemanly, and ridiculous, as it is, affords food for serious reflection. For, if it once goes forth, that an alien, on becoming a citizen of our country, is bound to extirpate, as noxious weeds in the garden of his soul, all pride in the heroic deeds of his forefathers, and in the glories which are revealed in the pages of the history of the land of his birth, together with all sympathy in its future destiny, or else be branded as a perjurer and traitor, we shall deter many an honest, noble-hearted man from joining our ranks, and shall have to depend for recruits upon the mere serfs of Europe—a faction-riven race, whose country is held by a foreign yoke, and whose country is galled by the treachery of its own nobles, and the misdeeds of its own kings. None of the other bankers were burnt out. The *Alta California* was the only newspaper that suffered.

LIVES LOST.—Since the above was written, we have heard the names of two persons who were burnt to death—Mr. Bach, of the firm of Bach, Barnett & Co., and Mr. Lyon.

A man was shot dead by an officer in Bush street, for plundering the property placed there by the sufferers in the fire. The number of buildings destroyed is not less than five hundred, and the loss is estimated at three millions of dollars. A vast amount of lumber and building materials were destroyed. The greater portion of the burnt district was occupied by dwelling houses, and but few heavy stocks of goods and merchandise were burned. The persons burnt out were generally of the poorer class.

The fire was undoubtedly the work of incendiaries, and several arrests have been made, but the persons under arrest have not been proved to be the parties actually guilty. The excitement created since the fire, says the *California Courier*, against the numerous desperadoes living among us, has resulted in a determination on the part of our citizens to prevent the landing here of more persons from the English penal colonies, unless they produce testimonials of character. The Vigilance Committee, and their *doings* generally, have been sustained by the community.

TWO WEEKS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP EMPIRE CITY.

\$1,700,000 in Gold Dust.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6, 1851.

The steamship *Empire City* arrived at her wharf in this city at nine o'clock this morning, bringing the *California* mails to July 1st, two weeks later than previous accounts.

The California mail for Philadelphia will be received there to-night. The *Empire City* has on freight \$1,400,000 in gold dust and \$300,000 in the hands of passengers. The number of passengers is four hundred.

Aaron Saum, of Philadelphia, died in San Francisco on the 15th of June. THE GREAT FIRE OF JUNE 22d.—The San Francisco Herald says that the fire commenced at 11 o'clock on the 22d of June, in a frame house, on the north side of Pacific street, about twenty yards from Powell street. It was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

Down Pacific street spread the fiery storm, stopping not for a second; but as it drove before the now fast rising winds to Washington street.

In the meantime, while thus extending South it was spreading north and east; at about 12 o'clock the flames had complete possession of Washington street on the Plaza. Despite every effort, it crossed over to the house at the north-west corner of the Plaza; consumed the old abode occupied by Burgoyne and others, together with some half dozen others between that and Dupont street. It was stopped on the south, by uniting industry, at the County Building, occupied by Justice McGowan and numerous others. It was making fearful headway towards Montgomery street.

The *Alta California* newspaper office withstood the flames for a while, but it too fell before the fiery blast that swept around it.

The new Jenny Lind Theatre, on the Square, was consumed. All the houses on both sides of Washington street, between Kearney and Montgomery streets, except the Verandah, the El Dorado, and Burgoyne's new banking house, shared the same fate. The small frame on Montgomery street, on the site of Delmonico's, took fire, and the block on the opposite side of the street was in imminent danger for a long time, but by the tremendous exertions of the citizens, it was saved. At this point the fire was stopped, but it extended still further down to Washington street, as far as Jones' Alley, consuming Cobb & Co.'s Auction House, on the east side of that alley.

Towards the north, everything went down before the flames at Broadway, was stopped. Sanson street seemed doomed, but it, too, escaped, the fire stopping at its eastern limit, about half a square from the street.

BUILDINGS BURNED.—The principal buildings that were burnt are the elegant new Presbyterian Church of the Rev. Mr. Williams, on Stockton street; the large brick building at the corner of Jackson and Dupont streets, occupied on the second floor as the armory of the First California Guards; the Albany on the Plaza; the *Alta California* Office; the Jenny Lind Theatre; City Hall; City Hospital, and the fine new four story brick building of Messrs. Maskwell and Caspar, in Jackson street, near Kearney.

BUILDINGS SAVED IN THE BURNT DISTRICT.—Those saved within the burnt district were the Bella Union Buildings, the Custom House, Verandah, El Dorado, California Exchange, all the fire proof houses on Montgomery street, between Washington and Clay; Bolton, Barry & Co.'s Buildings, on Merchant street; Kelsey, Smith & Risley's, and Biddleman's, on Merchant street.

The Union Saloon and the houses opposite, to the establishment of every body, escaped. It was expected at one time that the Post Office would go, and a general movement of papers and valuables was made; fortunately, the fire stopped at the County Building.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRE.—The City Hall, towering four stories high, and built of combustible materials, burnt like a fiery volcano. The sight presented, as the flames obtained possession and shot high into the air, was grand beyond description.

All the officers of the courts and of the city government, succeeded in saving their records. The City Hospital soon after took fire, and here the scenes of distress, as the unfortunate inmates, some ninety in number, were brought out, was harrowing. Many who were burnt in the former fire, and by the explosion of the steamer *New World*, were still under treatment.

By the untiring exertions of Dr. Chapin, Mr. John Cotter and a number of the benevolent persons, they were all removed without any serious accidents. As soon as the fire broke out, Burgoyne & Co. removed all their books, papers, and deposits to their new banking house, corner of Montgomery and Washington streets. None of the other bankers were burnt out.

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Some persons who took offence at an article in the *Sonora Herald*, went to the room of one of his editors, Dr. L. C. Green, dragged him from his bed and shot him through the head. They also killed two other persons connected with the office, and killed or wounded three or four others who went to their assistance.

A row had occurred among the miners, near Carson's diggings, in which two Americans and three or four Mexicans were killed. Colonel Barbour's division of the Indian Commission was at a stand still, for want of funds. Dr. Wozencraft was progressing at his own expense.

Two men, named Watkins and Brier, had been found guilty of burglary and sentenced, one to ten years' and the other to five years' imprisonment.

A party of nine men, under Captain Fitz Patrick, had been cut off at Rogue River, and all murdered.

During the night of the great fire, Lewis Pollock, was called from his bed, and upon making his appearance, was shot dead by a man named Samuel Gallager.

The citizens of Marysville have formed a vigilance committee for the protection of life and property.

Quite a large company of Mormons, from Salt Lake Valley, had arrived at the Los Angeles Valley.

The accounts from the mines and placers are very encouraging.

The prospect of good crops throughout the country are also encouraging.

Our city is going up again very fast. Two hundred buildings were erected during the past week.

A FORTNIGHT IN CALIFORNIA.—The excitement caused by the villainous conduct of the desperadoes among us has resulted in a determination, on the part of our citizens, to prevent as far as possible the landing of persons from the penal colonies, unless they produce testimonials of good character. Another determination is, to send out of the country as many as possible of the abandoned gang who infest our city.

Much discussion has resulted in consequence of the formation of the Vigilance Committee and their subsequent acts, but they have generally been sustained by the community. To thinking and indisposed men, the cry that they are opposed to law and order sounds ridiculous, from the fact that we have had no order because no law was administered until the Committee was formed, and had forced some consciousness of their duties upon the delinquents.

In the City of Sonora, a worthy citizen, Capt. Snow, having been brutally murdered, and two of the assassins having been taken in a few days afterwards, they were tried and hung by the populace, and buried in the grave which they had dug for their victims.

A marauding party of twelve men, commanded by a Captain Irving, were all killed by the Indians of the Coluilla tribe, near Los Angeles.

There is a prospect that Mr. Hoatling's proposition for supplying the city with water will soon be commenced.

A party which left Trinidad to explore the Sparta country, had arrived at Trinidad.

Several days during the past week were hotter than experienced for a long time. The heat has been extremely severe in the interior.

The citizens of Marysville have found it necessary, as have our own, to form a Vigilance Committee for the protection of lives and property.

Accounts from the mines and placers are very encouraging, especially in the rotten quartz diggings.

The prospect through the country for good crops is excellent, and a vast amount of vegetables will undoubtedly be produced.

There has been a quartz mining Convention held in Mariposa county, at which some very important resolutions were adopted.

HUMANE COMING.—The San Francisco Post says, a vessel arrived from China a few days since, with 223 of the Long Queues and Flaunting Breeches gentlemen, from the Land of the Celestials. The number of shoemakers among them is two hundred and twenty-one, also one lawyer, and one doctor. All their names except four commence with A.

Small Potatoes. All the custom with builders and mechanics to raise a flag after the erection of a new house, or the painting of an old one. In pursuance of this custom the painters now engaged in painting the Capitol raised a flag on the dome; and one of the journeymen, as a matter of amusement, painted upon it "BIGLER." This so insulted the high dignitaries of Federalism, that the Secretary of the Commonwealth forthwith ordered the flag to be taken down, and the poor *jour* to be discharged. The master painter being a true and faithful Whig took down the flag, but it required a consultation to determine whether the *jour* should be discharged, lest funds might be needed from a Democratic House next winter.—*Investigator*.

Common Men. Common men till our soil and manufacture the useful, necessary and ornamental articles of husbandry, machinery, convenience, dress and luxury. Common men pay our taxes, and bear the burthens of the government which protects the fop, the dandy and all uncommon men in their legal and just rights, equally with the most useful citizen. Common men perform our labor—they make our canals and railroads, they manufacture our lumber. Common men are laborers, farmers, mechanics, raftsmen; men who are with the people, of the people, and know the wants of the people—men who have in common with the masses of the people a common interest to promote. Such as the men selected by the Democratic party as candidates for the suffrages of the yeomanry of this Commonwealth—and yet, these men are sneered at by the aristocracy as "common men." Yes, fellow-citizens, the Governor's organ denounces Col. Bigler and Gen. Clover as "nothing but common men."—*Investigator*.

Beautiful Sentiment.

John C. Whittier, the Quaker Poet, in writing about Irish Emigrants among us, says:

"For myself, I confess I feel a sympathy for the Irishman. I see him as the representative of a generous, warm-hearted, and cruelly oppressed people. That he loves his native land—that his patriotism is divided—that he cannot forget the claims of his mother island—that his religion, with all its abuses, is dear to him—does not decrease my estimation of him. A stranger in a strange land, he is to me an object of interest. The poorest and the rudest has a romance in his history. Amidst all his apparent gaiety of heart and national drollery, and wit, the poor emigrant has sad thoughts of the 'ould mother of him,' sitting lonely in her solitary cabin by the bog side—recollections of a father's blessing and a sister's farewell—that sister loved so devotedly—and haunting him—a grave mound in a distant church yard, far beyond the 'wide waters,' has an eternal greenness in his memory; for there, perhaps, lies 'a darlint child,' or a 'sweet cratther who once loved him'—the New World is forgotten for the moment; blue Killarney and the Liffy sparkle before him—Glendalough stretches beneath him its dark, still mirror—he sees the same evening sunshine rest upon and hallow alike with nature's blessings the ruins of the Seven Churches of Ireland's apostolic age, the broken mound of the Druids, and the round towers of the Phœnician sun worshippers, beautiful and mournful recollections of home awaken within him—and the rough and seemingly careless and light-hearted laborer melts into tears. It is no light thing to abandon one's own country and household gods. Touchingly beautiful was the injunction of the prophet of the Hebrews—Ye shall not oppress the stranger, for ye know the heart of the stranger, seeing that ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

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Independence. A Western editor lately offered his hat as a prize for the best essay on independence. The following obtained the prize:—"Natural Independence is easier imagined than described; personal Independence consists emphatically in being situated in a clean shirt, drawers, socks, and a nicely blacked pair of boots, with at least a dollar and a half, and a clean cambric in your pocket—all on Sunday morning, with your wife on one arm, and your baby on the other, taking your own course towards your own church, to sit under the ministry of your own preacher, in the blissful expectation of doing your own snoozing, in your own pew, wherein no one dare venture to nudge you with his elbow, or tickle your nose with a straw."

An editor out in Iowa, says they don't brag of the size of their babies, but they are a most uncommon sure crop.

A New Feature.

A BAND OF GYPSIES, says an Eastern contemporary, lately landed at New York, among the immigrants brought from Europe by an emigrant ship. They are now encamped, with their covered wagons, in the neighborhood of Hoboken, and report themselves from the vicinity of Durham and New Castle, England. The women and children are said to possess the peculiar physical features of their strange race, having slender figures and an abundance of black hair. The men pursue the business of tinkers, and the females cook their meals by fires made in the open air. It is probable that we are indebted for this importation of humanity to the increased facilities for immigration afforded by steam navigation; and should this small nucleus of a new race of people which we have acquired in these Gypsy immigrants be enlarged by accessions hereafter, it may be reserved to the United States to solve the problem whether it is possible, under any form of social and political institutions, to amalgamate with other races a strange order of cosmopolites, who have, immemorially, been nomadic in habit, and intolerant of any admixture with a different people.

Death of M. Daguerre. The death of the celebrated discoverer of the daguerrotype took place at Brie, a village near Paris recently. He distinguished himself early as a scene painter, by the happiness of his effect in light and shade. The chapel of Glenethorn, at the Ambigu, the Rising of the Sun in les Mexicains, were saluted by the audience with enthusiastic applause. His inventive genius then created the Diorama. Every one remembers the series of enormous pictures of cathedrals, of Alpine scenery, producing almost the effect of illusion upon the spectator, and diversified by magical changes of light, which M. Daguerre exhibited in the Regent's Park, London. Later, he succeeded in immortalizing his name, by fixing the images of the camera obscura, and realizing, in an instant, effects which leave at an immeasurable distance the most elaborately-finished engraving.

The Wheat Crop of 1851. The reports from the various grain-growing parts of the Union, indicate that the wheat crops of the present year will be the heaviest ever taken from the earth in the Western States. In Ohio, the crop is a very large and fine one. In New York, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, the yield is also very large, and the wheat of the very best quality. In Michigan, particularly, the yield exceeds anything ever known, even in Michigan. In the northern and western parts of the State, and also in the southern tier of counties, the wheat crop is said to reach from one-quarter to one-third higher than at any previous season. It is the same with every other species of grain except corn.

Singular. The town of Athens, Illinois, has been deprived of several of its most valuable citizens, we quote from the Cincinnati Inquirer, by a strange disease, unknown to the physicians. A merchant had received a box of goods from Europe, which he opened in the presence of five persons. Every one of these persons took sick and died. The disease soon spread among those who attended upon them, and among others. In one family six persons died. A complete panic ensued; and we are told that more than one half the people are absent from the town.

Free Flag of Cuba. The great banner of free Cuba, which floated over the procession of Cuban sympathisers in New York, and from other points, is a red triangular piece, with a white star in the centre, next the staff, from which extend alternate blue and white stripes, three of each.

A wicked wag once courted a buxom housemaid, and when he should have been prepared to marry her, decamped to parts unknown. "Well, Ann," said her mistress, "you've lost your lover, haven't you?" "O, no indeed, marm, he'll come back, for I have his promise to marry me, and in writing, too!" "Indeed, let me see it, won't you?" So out from between the leaves of her Bible, Ann produced a sort of promissory note, reading as follows:—"I promise to marry Ann J—, ninety days after date, value received." J. B.

Snooks wonders where all the pillow cases go to. He says he never asked a girl what she was making, when she was engaged in white sewing, without having for an answer, "A pillow case!"

Tim Wait, the drollest man living, being told one day that he looked rather the worse for wear, replied—"The fact is I haven't slept a wink for three nights—last night, to-night and to-morrow night!"

Why is Governor Johnston like Santa Anna? Because he is STUMPING IT.

Why is Governor Johnston like a piece of iron in the hands of a blacksmith? Because he is bound to be beaten.

Few envy the merit of others that have any of their own.